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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

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by the
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VOLUME XVI

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Christ the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He, who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry.
Alleluia!

He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Alleluia!

—Selected.

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published monthly (except July and August) by the American-European Fellowship for Christian Oneness and Evangelization

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This magazine is not backed by any church organization or religious denomination. It is published solely to spread missionary information concerning Central and Eastern Europe and to provide spiritual food for its readers. Christian friends subscribing for it help to make it more nearly self-supporting and thus aid the work in general. Prompt renewal of your subscription when it expires will be appreciated.

Notify us at once of change of address, giving both old and new addresses and writing plainly.

We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us.

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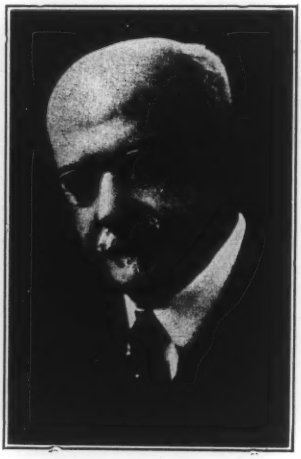
DEVOTIONAL AND EDITORIAL

FOLLOW ME

By Dr. A. C. Gaebelein

IF ANY man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour" (John 12: 26). Often the familiar "Follow Me" came from the blessed lips of the Son of God. With those words He called His own to Himself, into His fellowship and into service. And still He calls. His sheep hear His voice and follow Him. Let us but remember again who He is who calls us to follow Him, and the two little words become of unspeakable blessing and fill the heart with a holy joy and peace.



Dr. A. C. Gaebelein

The Lord of Glory calls us to serve Him and follow Him! Can there be anything more glorious, more sublime, in this poor world than to follow the Lord? The Lord, who paid the price of our redemption, to whom we owe all, without whom we would be lost forever, calls us to follow Him! No sinner saved by grace, who has tasted that He is gracious, who knows Him and His love, can ever, or will ever, deny the claim He has on us. Yea, He died for us that we might live in His fellowship. Our being belongs to Him. He died that henceforth we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him (2 Cor. 5: 15).

To follow the Lord! What a Lord! His own followed Him, when His feet walked up and down the land. They were attracted by His loveliness; they knew His condescension and His power. Willingly they forsook their nets and ships, yea, their own fathers, to follow him. But we look up and behold One who is exalted in heaven, who is at the right hand of God, the heir of all things. All power in heaven and on earth is given to Him. Such a One calls, "Follow Me!" Should we be less devoted than His disciples were?

And what does it include? "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16: 24). "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it" (Luke 9: 23, 24). "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot

be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14: 26, 27).

Who could say that these words are no longer in force? It is the path which He went, and He calls us to follow Him. We cannot refuse the application to ourselves. "Follow Me" means self-denial and self-surrender. He has called us to follow Him, and that means exactly what it says. He has left us an example, that we should follow His steps (I Peter 2: 21). We are called to walk even as He walked and to manifest the mind of Christ. To follow Him means to turn the back upon the world with all its glory. It means suffering with Him, bearing His reproach, taking the place of rejection with Himself. It is the walk of faith and obedience.

Alas, in these easy-going times, the times of worldliness, pleasure, and prosperity, how we forget the above words of our Lord! How few of His people practice daily self-denial and walk in such fellowship with Him and after Him! Many Christians have lost sight completely of this most important, as well as blessed, phase of discipleship. They are content and happy because all goes smoothly. They enjoy the good things of this age, which in hatred of Christ is still the same as it was when it gave a cross to the Lord of Glory. They are friendly with the world. They know nothing of true separation and the intimate and practical identification with the Lord who has called them. But underneath there is a heart not satisfied; there is the consciousness that the Lord is grieved, His Spirit quenched; there is no reality in divine things, no real joy and peace. And He calls to us as never before, "Follow Me!" His Spirit is exercising many hearts and arousing them from their indifference. Do we hear His wooing voice to lead us closer to the Lord? "Follow thou Me!" What a call! What an honor to follow the Lord, sharing His lowliness with Him and denying ourselves! As we follow Him and yield ourselves in obedience to do His will, we truly serve Him. This is the secret of true service—obedience to the Lord. Such obedience will ever mean self-judgment and self-denial—separation from the world. He will use us, too, as vessels "meet for the Master's use."

The time is short. The days are passing quickly. Soon the Lord will come to call His servants to be with Him. He will keep His blessed promise—"Where I am, there shall also my servants be." Suffering will be followed by glory. Honor and glory await us in the Father's House. It is this coming glory which sustains us down here in the humble path, in true discipleship, in separation from the world. For the joy which was set before Him, He endured the cross and despised the shame. And we, too, can endure the cross and despise the shame, if we remember the coming glory. And more than that, the Father will honor those who serve, who follow, who exalt His ever blessed Son.

May the Holy Spirit bless these words to you, beloved reader! The Lord grant that we may, in reality, follow Him and esteem the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

The real secret of an unsatisfied life lies too often in an unsurrendered will.

—*J. Hudson Taylor.*

With disciples full of faith in Himself and bold in prayer to ask great things, Christ will conquer the world.—*A. Murray.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB DILAKOFF, INDEPENDENT MISSIONARY IN RUSSIA

In the last issue, we gave an introductory chapter concerning Jacob Dilakoff, an itinerant missionary in Russia. We now begin in serial form his autobiography, which we trust will be read with interest. It is heartening to know that the same God who has worked in behalf of His testimony and servants in days of the past, is still able to work and revive in the distressing days of the present.

ALTHOUGH I am a very poor and incapable person for such an undertaking as the writing of my biography, yet, since you have requested it, I willingly begin to write, depending on the Lord to help me, that all may be to the glory of His name, who alone is worthy of praise and glory.

As I have observed, every Christian who reviews the journey of his past life sees much that is wonderful in the providences of God towards him. There is, however, a great difference in the lives of Christians one from another in this respect, and it seems to me that the providences of God towards myself have been more wonderful in the period of the sixty years of my life than they can have been towards most others.

A few months after the death of my father, I was born, and, when seven years old, my mother also died. Though thus bereft of father and mother, the Lord did not wholly leave me. Three years after the death of my mother, my brothers, poor and unmarried, placed me as a servant in the house of one of our near relatives. In the summer I herded their cattle, and in the winter I studied in the village school, which was under the superintendence of the American missionaries. The teacher in the school was one of my relatives, for whom in the summer I was a servant. In this way I passed a period of seven years.

During these years I fell into the depths of many sinful practices peculiar to boys and young men. While vile and despised in my own eyes, He, whose name is Wonderful, in His all embracing holiness did not despise me. In the fourteenth year of my life, He awakened me to a sense of my lost and miserable condition. He led me to accept the whole truth of the Holy Scriptures, but He did not as yet entirely arrest me in the broad way to destruction, nor from believing in worthless fables, told by old women, pertaining to matters of eternity. For instance, they asserted that if a man be murdered, all his sins will pass over to the account of his murderer, no matter what those sins have been, and the murderer's sufferings in hell will be so much the worse. Sin, with its eternal punishment, came to appear to me inexpressibly terrible. I strove to be free from it and to gain holiness by good works. It was all in vain. The leprosy spread both without and within. Sins of body and spirit gained strength and sank me in a depth of hopelessness. Although I heard and read about the precious blood of Christ, and His grace, yet I had no faith in, nor real understanding of, these things.

Many times I thought to pluck away the bud of my life, that I might arrive the sooner at my inheritance in hell, won by my own self-willed corruption, thinking that if I remained a little longer on earth I would multiply my sins, and then my torments in hell would be the more distressing. But when I was goaded to put an end to my life, there would arise objections in my mind like these—by killing myself I would be judged all the more severely as a murderer. Then the suggestion would arise that I might go among the Mussulmans and revile their religion, or their prophet Mohammed, so that they would kill me, and my sin, or the guilt of my sin, pass over to them. But from these dreadful thoughts the Lord delivered me, as I reflected that I myself would be the guilty one and that my sin would not pass over to my murderer.

I often wanted, and I asked it of the Lord, that He would make me as the lowest worm in creation—as a snake, or a frog, or anything, the worst imaginable. Let me suffer a hundred or more years and

be trampled under foot of men and beasts, and then as an insect wholly perish. This I was ready to accept as a treasure to be desired. When, in the heat of summer, I saw in the plain or on the village refuse heaps a dead animal, I often desired to be in its place, for that animal had passed out of all existence, and would never enter eternal torments as I would. These thoughts not only were often recurring to my mind, but I often mentioned them to my youthful companions.

After the seven years of service in the house of my relative, I remained three years at home with my brothers. During this time, the Lord put into my heart a very strong desire to go to the missionary school at Seir. This thought I mentioned to my brothers, but they vehemently opposed it. When I was nineteen years of age, in December, 1852, I secretly stole away from home one day to go to Seir. A few hours after my leaving the house, my brothers discovered my absence, and one of them ran after me a distance of six miles to turn me back.

Overtaking me, he pleaded with me to return, and promised me that they would buy me clothes, and see to my getting married, and so forth. I answered him that I cared for nothing except to study at the school at Seir. Then, with severe threats and in anger, he commanded me to come back. I replied that nothing but death would stop me from going to Seir. At that, very angry, with all his force, he slapped me on the face, and the old shoes upon my feet he took away. I said to him that if he took from me all my clothes, I would still go on. He saw, finally, that there was no possibility of making me return, and his heart relented towards me. As he looked upon my bare feet and my old clothes, my face red with the blows of his hand, and my eyes full of tears, knowing that I had no money with which to buy even a pair of shoes, he called to our side a neighbor of ours with whom I was going towards the city of Urumia (for I did not know the way) and said to him, "I have no money with me, but you get him a pair of new shoes, and on your return to the village I will repay you the price."

I arrived, finally, at the Seir Seminary, but it was not the will of the Lord that I should be received that year. The missionaries said, "This year you have come too late. There is now no place for you, but if you will come next year at the time the school assembles, you will be received." With mixed feelings of sorrow and joy as my food by the way, I went back to Karajaloo. Although mortified, there was no help but to return to my brethren—sorry not to have been received, but glad for the promise of the missionaries regarding the year to come. I don't know how that intervening year passed until the hoped-for time of the school's assembling arrived. My brothers tried again to prevent me, but they had their trouble for nothing, for of the Lord it was fixed that I should study.

In the year 1853, by the mercies of the Lord, I was received into the Seminary. In the second year of my stay at Seir, by the wonderful grace of the Lord, I was snatched as a brand from the burning, and from the depths of despair, and received from Him that peace which is above all understanding.

In the year 1858, at the close of my term of five winters' study, with the approval of the superintendents of the Seminary—Dr. Perkins, Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Cochran—I graduated. But I have to confess here that many of the lessons which I learned at school I have in a large degree forgotten, chiefly because I have had no time to attend to them. Moreover, I did not have, nor have I now, the ability of other preachers in composition or the analysis of subjects. Of course, my own indolence has been a chief cause of this. But the wonder is that the Lord, in His amazing mercies, has not only forgiven any fault, but has cast my lot where there was no necessity to divide up sermons into heads nor to present profound doctrines, but simply to show a free salvation by the blood of Christ and the duty of living in true love towards God and man. In the following winter, I taught school in my own village, Karajaloo, and on Sundays visited the neighboring hamlets to preach. My pay was very small, but I was very grateful for it.

In the spring of 1859, my older brother, Esau, wished to go to Russia to hunt up and bring back our brother, who had left home eight years before, leaving behind him his wife and two children, and was then living in Elizavetgrad, in the province of Kherson. I said to my brother: "Don't you leave your family to go, for if any accident should happen to you, or you should delay abroad, your family would be in distress. It is better that I should go, for if anything happens I have no family."

I received permission from the missionaries to

make the journey to Russia in the hope that, if it was the will of the Lord, I would return in the fall to my work of school teaching. Arriving at Tiflis, I worked in the harvest fields to earn a little money for my journey. Afoot, ignorant of the Russian language, along with a companion from my own village, I started. After many troubles on the way, which was long for a foot-traveler, I arrived at Elizavetgrad. At that time my brother was not at home, and I was told then that it was not known where he had gone, but that after two months he would return. He only came back to Elizavetgrad in November, at the time that I should have been back at Urumia to begin teaching my school.

My brother kept me with him until the next fall, promising that he would return to Urumia with me, but, contrary to his promise, when the time came round he said he would never go back to Urumia. Not at that time only did I grieve over my coming to Russia, but many times I drew off by myself and would weep as one both guilty and miserable. I felt that in my coming to Russia I had sinned against the will of my Holy Master. During the year spent here, I had not lived like a true Christian, in many respects. Coldness and laxness in prayer had separated me from spiritual fellowship with my Lord.

At that time I did not think it possible that the Lord was preparing me for a great gospel work in Russia. During the year, all to myself, with no teacher, I had learned to read a little in the Russian language.

In the fall of 1861 I returned to Urumia, teaching school for the missionaries in my own village during the winter, and for the third time made preparations to marry. Again, suddenly, from the Lord, obstacles arose preventing this. Going to the city one day and meeting the missionaries, they proposed that in the spring I should go to Tiflis and on Sundays hold services for the many hundreds of Nestorian workmen in that city. I very willingly accepted the proposal and put off the matter of my marrying until fall. In the spring I was ordained a deacon, after the Nestorian rite. The missionaries gave me money for my expenses to Tiflis. During the summer I worked about Tiflis in the harvest field with other harvesters. After harvest, on Sundays I held services for the Syrian workmen in the city. On week days I worked as a common laborer, having no salary for my religious work.

(To be Continued)

MEETING ALBANIA'S NEED

By Rev. P. B. Kennedy

OUR work is going on regularly. We had over 500 in Sunday School last Sunday. At Christmas I used my stereopticon slides, and the pictures on our Saviour's miraculous birth showed up beautifully. We were not able to accommodate all who came. In the Sunday School, each one brought a present to Christ, and these things we distributed to the extremely needy, of whom we have many coming almost daily.

Our Week of Prayer services were followed by special evangelistic meetings, which were well attended. Some decided definitely to follow Christ. We are praying for the continual presence of the Holy Spirit, that we may be definitely guided and helped these days.

We are grateful to God for the government's permission to sell such portions of the Scriptures as are printed in the Albanian language. I have sold some, and Mr. Jacques is selling on market days in Elbasan.

Last Sunday I preached from Luke 22: 31-32: "But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." It is a great encouragement to us all, and especially to the tempted and tried, that our Saviour knows us each one by name and is praying for us individually. We must try to follow His beautiful example and keep praying for others.

Don't stop praying! the Lord is nigh;
Don't stop praying! He'll hear your cry;
God has promised, and He is true;
Don't stop praying! He'll answer you.

Don't stop praying for every need;
Don't stop praying! the Lord will heed;
No petition to Him is small,
Don't stop praying! He'll give you all.

Don't stop praying, but have more trust;
Don't stop praying, for pray we must;
Faith will banish a mount of care;
Don't stop praying! God answers prayer.

—*Selected.*

"The Word of God is Not Bound"

By Edwin E. Jacques (Albania)

OH, THAT men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He hath broken the gates of brass and cut the bars of iron in sunder." What gratitude and what intercession should be inspired just now in behalf of Albania, for recently a "great door and effectual" was opened to us. At last we are permitted to distribute the Scriptures freely throughout the Kingdom of Albania. Only Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy know fully of all the petitions sent to the government, of their personal trips to the capital, and of the friendly influence brought to bear. But the Lord has graciously used them all in response to the praying of a great many.

As soon as the literature arrived, work was begun here in the Elbasan market. Our open bazaar is the center of trading for a great number of villages about this city. On Saturday, market day, Elbasan is packed with villagers. They fill the open streets, squatting beside multi-patched sacks of wheat and corn, or piles of fertile cheese, or heaps of onions and leeks. All around the open plaza where I am located, the small shops are gaily festooned with gaudy bandannas and cloth colored to catch the eye. Spread out on the cobblestone paving are bolts of unbleached muslin from England and Japan, wholly native-made woolen rugs for rolling up infants, heavy and colorful woolen socks, tin articles fashioned from condensed milk cans, strips of animal hides used for villagers' sandals, a stand of "Woolworth" jewelry and trinkets, and a confusion of pretty shawls and handwork. Squatting on their heels or sitting cross-legged, the men and women haggle endlessly over each purchase.

At one end of the plaza is the newcomer. A tripod arrangement holds up to view a canvas strip, on which are displayed many books and colored booklets. Pockets at the bottom are filled with leaflets. Crowning the whole is a poster—LIBRAT Ë SHENJTE. Therein hangs a tale. An official banned the original sign, "The Word of God." "Why do you advertise your literature as 'The Word of God'? You have no monopoly on it. The Catholics have the Word of God. The Orthodox have the Word of God. We Mohammedans have the Word of God." Reasoning was futile. The Scriptures might be referred to only as "Sacred Books." Therefore, instead of "The Word of God" we advertise "The Sacred Books," which is quite as acceptable. The same gentleman was quite astounded when he heard of the Word of God being brought into the market place. "The open market? That's no sacred place! The Word of God belongs in the church or in the mosque, not in the market." And that is just the trouble! Honor and business integrity are the more rare for this very reason. Many acquaintances at home have incarnated the Word of God and have made the market a sacred place.

The Scriptures have, in these last two weeks, become acclimated to the Elbasan market place. Before 9 A. M. the stand is up and a crowd has gathered to examine these new books. For seven or eight hours they are continually coming—business men and shopkeepers, villagers and schoolteachers, soldiers and students. Most of them have never before held in their hands a copy of God's Word. It is interesting to watch the reaction. A few see the word "Gospel" and sneeringly turn away. Only a couple have grumbled out anything contradictory. More, however, show the effect of materialistic teaching, and the reading of translated Russian novels. "Ah! Prayer books!" "Those are religious books! We don't need them; we need schools, and would be better off without any religion!" "Those are for the priests and hodjas, not for us!" The large majority, however, have welcomed the Scriptures.

We have accommodated ourselves to all the language groups met here. The Albanian Scriptures are available to us only for sale, but a number of leaflets and tracts are distributed free. Also, we have for free distribution Gospels and portions in French, Italian, English, Greek, Turkish, Bulgarian, Russian, and Rumanian. Each language has been requested. During these last two weeks the following have been distributed: 34 pieces of Albanian Scriptures sold; 309 pieces of Albanian

and 157 pieces of foreign material given away. This is not a large sum, but it must be borne in mind that we have limited the distribution to two free pieces per person per day. Also, nothing is received blindly, to be later ripped up and destroyed—each piece is requested after examination of its contents. Children flock around, but they can't be dealt with there. They would not only gobble up all the material, but, in their frenzy to secure something free, would also wreck the stand. To encourage the adults, we have had to discourage the children. The result is that practically every piece goes into the hands of Normal School students or adults. We want every piece to count.

The reaction of priests and hodjas has been rather surprising. One would expect the Orthodox priests to be somewhat sympathetic, but they read the sign and sweep by in a swirl of long black robes. (Possibly experience with Catholic proselyters and Russelites has made them suspicious.) The hodjas, on the other hand, have investigated the material—two accepted the Turkish tract. One read it aloud to the bystanders and exclaimed, "Very beautiful! Wonderful!" It was the story of the Prodigal Son, John 3:16, etc. Evidently he didn't notice the phrase, "gave His only begotten Son," or he would have emphatically waved his finger, as others have done, and cried: "No! No! It can't be true. God is One. He is not a man, that he should have children!" Another man read aloud the Turkish and translated it freely into Albanian, while a friend compared this with the Albanian New Testament account. Another took a "God hath Spoken" booklet of topically arranged Scripture verses and started reading aloud, while others would peer over his shoulder and follow the reading. It's altogether new to them. Oh, it doesn't matter particularly *in what manner*, but we rejoice over the fact that the gospel is becoming known here.

We are looking forward to two or three things. There is the extension of this work, which just now shows such real possibilities. There are other market centers about us—even visits to the villages could be arranged. Then, there is the printing of more gospel material in Albanian, and the purchasing of other foreign language material for free distribution. Also, pray for this—that these, who have received the Scriptures, may return to inquire more fully about the way of salvation; even, if it be His will, that the preaching of the gospel might be begun here in Elbasan. At present, I am unwilling to take up preaching in Albanian. The constant conversation, however, is a great aid in becoming altogether at ease in speaking. Ask for grace as we study mornings and evenings—this language is no easy matter. Then, as we visit here and there in the afternoons, pray for His Spirit's fullness, that we might speak boldly as we ought to speak.

The door, at present, is open, though we are not without adversaries. It is not strange to receive a hostile glance or a very icy welcome. Mere mention of the name of our Lord has caused this one to immediately leave me alone and withdraw to the rear of his shop, or to instantly stop the friendly flow of conversation and become coldly silent. Then, there are others who will ask questions—searching and vital questions—and provide the most exhilarating experience God allows us on earth, in declaring the great truths of His Word. Other doors—"fleshy" heart doors—yet remain closed. Humanly speaking, a Mohammedan would receive the Lord Jesus Christ not one whit sooner than you, Christian friend, would receive Mohammed. The atmosphere of mosques and minarets, hodjas, and the seemingly continual call to prayer, is depressing. It leaves us drained of strength, when we walk about and realize the iron-clad system that binds one from individual action. Surely, in the face of such an impregnable barrier, the flesh profiteth nothing. The Word is our only consolation. What a relief it is to reflect upon the Lord of Glory, to read in the epistles of His exaltation and power, and to realize that the battle is not ours, but the Lord's! For Albania—pray ye, therefore!

Remarkable testimonies to the Word of God and opportunities for distributing it are in this issue. Read them over prayerfully.

"Making Wise the Simple"

By Rev. George W. Hunter

FOR over a thousand years the peasantry of the Holy Russian Empire have bowed before "God's Holy Book" in humble reverence, believing it to be sacred (for thus they were taught) but never hearing that wonderful message contained in John's Gospel—"God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16). They were taught that the Book was so sacred that only the holy men of the Russian priesthood could handle and read it. It was, therefore, a great joy to the many "Ivans" when the Protestant missionary offered to either sell or give them copies of this miracle-working Book. They were overwhelmed with joy. If Ivan would have a copy of this Book in his house, he felt that he would be immune from the many devils that infested his home from time to time. When Ivan was not able to make an offering to the priests of the Russian church, when they came around just before the "holy days," he was troubled by some of the devils that he was constantly seeking to placate, and when he had the privilege of either buying or receiving from the missionary a copy of this wonderful Book, his joy knew no bounds. This was the condition all over the territory known as "Holy Russia," during the regime of the Tsars.

The following story is an historic fact, and shows God's way of providing copies of *His own Word* to counteract the insidious propaganda of the present communistic, godless government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics during the period from 1923 to 1928. During the early part of that decade, the new Bolshevik government, after they had succeeded in eliminating the Kerensky regime, found a mass of people who had, for centuries, been identified with the state church of old Russia, the Greek Orthodox Church. For generations the people had been extremely religious, and how to

Rev. George W. Hunter

wrench away from the "Ivans" and the "Annas" their religious convictions, was a great problem. In fact, it was too great for them to handle without serious consideration.

The authorities of the new government were sure that the religious belief of the great mass of Russians, especially the peasants, was, as they expressed it, "an opiate for the people," so they sought to deal with the problem in such a way that even the peasants would realize the fallacy of worshipping a book that was nothing but "folk-lore and legends," which were of no value to the proletariat. They saw that if they succeeded in eliminating this, they must handle the situation wisely and in such a way that the peasant himself would realize the utter folly of believing such foolishness, etc. The purpose of the heads of the government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has been, from the beginning, to establish a government based on a godless foundation. This they could not do until they were able to shake, in the minds of the peasants, their belief in the miracle-working power of this Book. However, they failed to reckon on the power of the God of the Book, whose existence they denied.

Sometime, during the early part of this period, permission had been secured through some of the missionary organizations then located inside the Union of Soviet Republics, to print Bibles and distribute them freely, the only stipulation being that they be printed and bound in the government plants of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The plates for the Bible thus to be published were graciously supplied by the American Bible Society and taken into Russia by one of the representatives of the missionary societies then active inside Russia. The thousands of Bibles thus printed were paid for by the Christian people of America and England. When these Bibles were ready for delivery, they were placed in the hands of the missionaries, who were commissioned to distribute them to the "Ivans" throughout all the territory where they had active missionary work.

The godless authorities were sure they would be able to liquidate all confidence in these superstitious beliefs. They were not greatly concerned about the attitude of the older peasants, as their hope was in the young people all over Russia. Therefore, if they wanted this Book, it would be an asset to the government when they got things ready for action.

In the distribution of this Book of books, the missionary would call at the home of the peasant and, after being admitted, would say, "Ivan, have you one of God's Holy Books?" Ivan would reply, "No, I have not." The missionary would then say, "Would you like one?" Ivan would answer, "There is no book in the world that I would desire more than God's Holy Book, but it is not for me. I have no money to buy one." The missionary would then say, "If you would like to have one, I will give you one." Ivan, overjoyed, could hardly believe his friend, but he would accept the proffered gift and, with the utmost reverence, would lay it on the icon shelf with the sacred icon. He thought he now had a miracle-working device that would keep the devils out of his home. To Ivan, at that time, it was just that, nothing more—a miracle-working device.

The government made compulsory education a rigid law in the U. S. S. R., and the young people were taken into schools which had been provided for their education. In almost every lesson, in accordance with the godless plan of the official teaching of the communistic regime, some line of thought was brought up that was antagonistic with the old beliefs of the Russians under the Tsarist power. The young people, being the wards of the state, were compelled to receive such instruction as their teachers gave them. Many of them accepted it as the truth, thus becoming the product of the godlessness of the present officialdom. Many of them, however, hearing these things, wanted more authority than the mere statement of their teachers and, on their arrival at home, their parents, with absolute confidence in the Book, even though they could not read it themselves, would say, "Is that in God's Holy Book?" to which the children would reply, "Yes, our teachers said it was, and they know." Then old Ivan said, "Let us get God's Holy Book and see it for ourselves." In the search for the passage in question, they had to begin at Genesis and read through until they found it. In many cases, they read through the whole Bible and still did not find the offending passage that they had been told was in "God's Holy Book." By thus reading the Bible, the young folks many, many times were gloriously regenerated, and it is reported

that 1,500,000 have become earnest Christians.

The remarkable part about this is the fact that, though the distribution of "God's Holy Book" was scoffed at by the officials of the U. S. S. R., the distribution went on apace from 1923 to 1928 and the Book's message was accomplishing what the eternal God said it would: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall *not* return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. 55: 10, 11). Not only does the Old Testament speak of it thus, but the New Testament, also, has this positive thing to say about His Word: "The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4: 12, 13).

This is the Book that the Soviets have boasted they are going to eliminate from the Soviet Republics, but we have been learning of remarkable results, through fragmentary reports that have seeped through the Soviet borders. The government officials thought, "We will permit this Book to be distributed, for it is a only matter of time until we will have the young people inoculated with the fact(?) that there is no God. Their parents may refuse to respond to the teachings we are giving the young people, but we will soon be rid of the old people, for they will all die. Or, if they get too antagonistic, we will take them out and shoot them, for we will not be thwarted in our purpose." Many of these young people, however, have realized the potency of the message of the Book, and within these past two and a half years it has been our privilege to hear that they have banded themselves together in twos, threes, and sometimes more, bidding their friends and relatives good-bye and saying, "If we live, we will return to you; but if not, we will meet you in heaven." We cannot tell the extent of this revival yet, but when the facts are known, they will sweep in upon the people of this country, many of whom have gone a long way toward discrediting the fact that the Bible is still the Word of the Living God.

Europe is the cradle of the human race. For centuries we have been the recipients of blessings from the God of the Book and the message of the Book of God. Europe has, like all the rest of the world, turned away from its God and His Christ, and has turned to fables. When the Soviets discovered that their young people were becoming Christians in large numbers, instead of communists, they said, "What is the reason for this?" They then discovered that the Book they intended to ridicule out of court had done all this for the young people, and they tried the remedy of burning it in public. They demanded that the Books be produced, and big fires were kindled in the public squares, where the Bibles were destroyed. If, perchance, any of the people kept back one of them, he or she was taken and shot. Thus, they tried to eliminate the Bible, and are still endeavoring to kill the Bible's message, but now the young people are sowing the Word. We of America may hear more at any time of what we now hear in a fragmentary way, that the Word is still accomplishing what God said it would when He sent it to bless mankind.

Will you help us sow the Word in the border countries? Though we cannot place the Bible inside the Soviet Union, yet do not be surprised if some morning you pick up your paper and read that, through our prayers, the eternal God has reached His limit of patience and swept the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics out of existence over night; for, when he begins His work, there will be a sudden and clean sweep of all godlessness from any part of the earth where mankind has defied Him. The "coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and it is the conviction of the writer that there will be a great revival from the hand of God ere the Lord even comes to receive His church. God is "longsuffering . . . not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Pet. 3: 9).

Too often we sigh and look within; Jesus sighed and looked without. We sigh, and look down; Jesus sighed, and looked up. We sigh, and look to earth; Jesus sighed, and looked to heaven. We sigh, and look to man; Jesus sighed, and looked to God. —*Stork.*

Preservation In Ministry

By Mrs. Charles Lukesh (Czechoslovakia)

We are glad to report that Mrs. Lukesh has been able to come home for a rest. Mrs. Lukesh is available for deputation work, if suitable times can be arranged. Those desiring to hear of the Lord's work in which Mrs. Lukesh and her husband are laboring, may write the Fellowship office. Pray for Mr. Lukesh as he remains on the field.

AND the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (I Thess. 4: 16, 17). This is my verse for this year, and how fitting it is! Surely the time is drawing near when our Lord will come for His own!

Mrs. Chas. Lukesh

We had a blessed time in the Lord in the Watch Night services. There were quite a number of children present and, therefore, the messages were made simple. Many of the grown folks, too, need simple messages. Although many speak about being well read and understanding the Scriptures, we have learned to our disappointment that those who talk the most understand the least. Often they do not even have the foundation of salvation, while they want to speak about growing in the Lord. Such are the results of religions without Christ.

Because we see the need of heart searching among such, who profess salvation, we asked each one to spend the hour of prayer, during the world-wide prayer week, alone before the Lord and to study a small pamphlet on "Children of God and His Holiness." It has proved a blessing to some, and we plead for your prayers that there may be a breaking through to victory in many lives. We asked for another week of prayer and study, and trust it will result in a general awakening.

The Christmas season, as always, brought extra work with it, as well as extra blessings. We had a fine program with the children. Many poems and Bible verses were repeated, in addition to the songs and the message. There were many new faces seen in the congregation and we pray they may be awakened to seek salvation. The verses and songs of the little tots, especially, made an impression on all present. There were about fifty bags with cookies, sweets, apples, etc., given to the children, and a small book, Bible, New Testament, or other small gift for those who had attended regularly. Some of the new scholars have been missing since the New Year—we fear that the enemy has lured them away. Please pray with us for these.

We have been privileged, with the aid of the car, to keep up the services in the distant villages. The farmers have more time now to attend than at some other seasons of the year. There is interest, as well as opposition. For those accustomed to evangelistic and revival meetings, it is not easy to appreciate the difficulties of those who know nothing of the power of the gospel. What they hear read from the Gospels in the churches is promptly spoiled by the churchy explanations. That which they hear outside is mere religious reasoning, if not avowed hatred, caused by debates on religion. Thus, it is not strange that the presentation of the gospel to them in a hitherto unheard of way, does not find ready response. When young men, under such conditions, begin to ask serious questions, we believe it is a sign of awakening and pray that it may lead to real salvation.

We had warm weather until after New Year.

Thus, the roads were very muddy and we had much foggy weather, which made driving the car very dangerous. We praise the Lord for wonderfully protecting us on New Year's day. With the car full of helpers, we were returning from a country meeting at about 5.30 P. M., when the auto took a slide from one side to the other and then ran straight over a four-foot embankment into a meadow, at about a 45-mile rate. The car remained upright and, as the field was frozen, it was possible to turn the car before reaching a deep creek, which Mr. Lukesh, in the excitement, did not even see.

No one was hurt, though most of them were somewhat frightened. The little ones slept through it all. The car remained in running order and we soon found the farmer's lane and got back on the road and drove the rest of the way home, praising the Lord for the way He had protected us. While we were trying to find the lane to get back on the highway, we noticed that the embankment was lowest at the place we went over, rising considerably from that point, in both directions. The highway is also lined with tall trees. Praise God for His wonderful, protecting care!

We praise the Lord for the way you are so faithfully standing with us for the work here, and we pray the Lord to bless you in every way, during this new year, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

THE JEW!

By Charles J. Service

FRIENDS! Friends! Do you want to bring more joy to your Saviour's heart? Then do something for His brethren. There has been a burden upon my heart to put the New Testament into the hands of the Jews in Europe, approximating 10,000,000. Being a shut-in, my part has largely been confined to prayer and writing. It has been a joy to be able to give a little, even though it has been limited.

They are hungry for the Word of God, and 13 cents will provide a copy of the New Testament, so surely we cannot deny them the opportunity of reading it for themselves. The work is going on in a very wonderful manner, in Roumania and Poland, and other parts will be entered as the means are supplied. It is a joy to be of some use to my Saviour in His most glorious service.

We do not have very long to carry on, I feel sure, for the King will be coming for His own. Let us be found on the job, up and doing. Think of the blessedness of having been the one to supply the means of winning for our Lord one or more souls. Just think, it might be a Daniel, a Joseph, a David, or a Paul! There is no doubt many a wonderful life among the redeemed, among the 144,000 Jews. The door is open at present for us to get into these lands. Just how long this will be the case is uncertain. Oh, let us not fail our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

It will be a joy to me to send forward any gifts entrusted to me. Address: Charles J. Service, 1036 Almond Court, Long Beach, California. I have been guided to send the means for this important work through the *American European Fellowship*. The names of those sponsoring this work give one assurance of its stability and sincerity.

The study of the Jews and their future, as portrayed by our heavenly Father, warrants one in putting his whole soul into the effort of meeting their need at this critical moment. Let me point you to a few Scriptures, which please consider quietly and honestly: Zephaniah 3: 19, 20 (read this chapter from verse 13 and note the words "praise" and "fame"); Zechariah 8: 1-8; Micah 4: 1-7. Yes, some day God is going to restore His people in grace. God blesses those who bless them, and curses those who curse them. Let us all pray much for this work, and give as we are able and as we shall be glad we have done when the Day of Rejoicing comes in the Palace of the King.

IN THE articles and letters that come from the field and as given in this issue, special reference is made to the distribution of God's Word. Read the articles by Messrs. Jacques, Manetz, and Mrs. Lukesh, that tell of the wonderful opportunity. The distribution of the Scriptures is one of the main objectives of the Fellowship's ministry.

Variety and Need in Albania

By Mrs. P. B. Kennedy

IT IS Thursday, 9.00 P. M. My husband has gone to the Boys' Building up on the hill. Mr. Jacques is busy, over in his part of the building, looking over proof, for tomorrow, for the first time in Albania, the lesson material is to be printed on the back of the Sunday School picture cards, which the children love to get each week. Heretofore, we have used old Sunday School cards from America. I say old, but they were only that as to date. Otherwise, they were always clean and attractive, having been sent to us as surplus material from many Sunday Schools during these past years. Hereafter, we are hoping to continue with the printing of Albanian picture cards, the cards having come from America with no printing on the back. These new cards will be up-to-date and, being in Albanian, will be greatly appreciated by all who receive them. While learning the language, Mr. Jacques has done much in improving the Sunday School.

This was the day for our Sunday School lunch for the teachers, boys, and girls. We had the popular Albanian dish—meat boiled with cabbage, pickled sweet peppers, and grapes. The tables are arranged so that I sit with the girls and serve them, including Mrs. Jacques. Mr. Jacques is with the boys and serves them, including Mr. Cheno (our young Albanian preacher) and Mr. Kennedy. After the meal, we have our Sunday School teachers' meeting, where, after devotional exercises, Mr. Jacques talks over the work and we discuss matters of importance. The baby organ, which was presented to us eleven years ago, is brought down to the dining room for the hymns we sing. There were twenty-one of us today and we had a good meeting.

You may notice Sam, near Mr. Cheno's seat at the table. Samuel came up from Salonica a month ago and has been staying with us. He is a Hebrew Christian young man and hopes to remain here to attend the Lycée school here in Kortcha. Tefik, who is a Mohammedan Christian, is staying with us until he can find a job, having graduated this year from the American-Albanian Agricultural School at Kavaja.

Would you care to know what else made up my day? In the morning, Mr. Kennedy and I went to a lawyer to see about the matter of their letting us have water again on the hill at our Boys' Building. Some time ago, the mayor of the city had the water supply cut off on the plea that it was needed farther down, mainly at the new hospital. While waiting for the matter to be settled more satisfactorily, the water from the large cistern, or reservoir, which Mr. Kennedy had had built, was being drained. There is still some water, but it is getting low.

On our way, we noticed the cover of a casket, in black with gilt trimmings, leaning against the wall outside of a gate down the street from the mission. We learned from neighbors that the old half-blind man, head of a large family, had died just after midnight, and we went in to express our sympathy. As usual, we found the men of the family, sons and relatives, in a room by themselves, while the body was lying in the casket, which was placed on the floor in the parlor, with the women folks sitting around it, the head of the casket pointing toward the east. I went through the usual custom, leaning over and placing my hand on the right shoulder of the chief mourners and saying a word or two of sympathy. There were only a few others in from the outside, so I had a chance to say a few words to the oldest daughter, pointing her to her Heavenly Father now that her earthly father had gone. Poor girl! She is somewhat deformed, so I wonder if she will ever have a chance to marry. In this part of the world, it is sort of a disgrace not to get married. This particular girl can do wonderfully beautiful embroidery. Whatever she does in the way of handwork seems perfect. The family is very poor now, but was once very prominent. There are two sons and three daughters.

From there, I went to let one of our Sunday School teachers, who was absent on Sunday, know about the lunch. On my return, I had the job of setting the tables for the lunch. Tefik and another boy (who is a bright student and wishes to unite with our evangelical circle) saw to the chairs, a

girl folded the paper napkins, and Tilka saw to the rest.

After the lunch, a young man came to see me about some money which had been left him and his dead father in a suburb of Pittsburgh. Before I was through with him, a man came to call, a secretary from the Kavaja school, a Robert College graduate, whom we have known for many years. Perhaps half an hour after he left, I had a call from my Moslem "sister," Mynireh, whom it is always a pleasure to see. She and her son, a very bright student, have been occupying our Boys' Building during the summer, free of charge, that the boy might recover from a tubercular bone trouble. He has made great improvement. Right after her, while Mynireh was still here, came two young Moslems—one of them to ask about his going to America, and the other to ask me if I knew how he could get to the "Hollywood School!" I told him smilingly that I had nothing to do with that school.

Tomorrow I have my usual meeting for the women and girls. For two years I have taken up Christ's questions, and tomorrow we come to the one He asked in John 4:35. If He were here in bodily presence, I wonder if He would look over this field and say the same. Perhaps the harvest is nearer than we think. Do pray for us in this important and very difficult field.

WARSAW AND RADOST WORK

By Miss Tordis Christoffersen

(Warsaw, Poland)

THERE is something gratifying and pleasing in writing about the work when everything is moving forward—doors open, great opportunities presenting themselves, and blessings being received. One feels joy in sharing this news with friends, but when contrary winds begin to blow, it is really then that we need our friends, and prove their faithfulness, as well. And so, today, I call upon all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and are seeking by prayer to sustain His cause everywhere, to hold the ground with us for victory.

We had a large gathering for our Christmas with the children, and we were not able to give gifts to all of them—some did not even receive the traditional candy and cake. This brought dissatisfaction, and a bad spirit prevailed among some of the children.

Then a young woman died, and although she had never been in our mission, a New Testament was found among her possessions. The relatives began to think this was the cause of her death, and, quick as lightning, it went through the streets as a warning.

The children very often live in the same room, with several families together. Of course, there is much quarreling, and then the children come to me, telling me that if I allow the others to come, they will never come. One truly needs guidance and wisdom, moment by moment.

After the universal week of prayer, a strong conviction of sin came. One young woman began to confess her sins of the past—smaller, respectable sins at first, but soon came confession of sins too fearful to name. She then began to think she had backslidden, because all this time she had been a church member and had pretended to be spiritual-minded. Much prayer has gone up to Him who is faithful and just to forgive us if we confess our sins. Pray for her. She is humbled in the dust.

With other trying circumstances, came the news one morning that robbers had visited Villa Bethel, in spite of the fact that all the windows and doors downstairs are closed up with shutters which are fastened with iron bars. These clever robbers had used a sharp knife, which could cut the rather thick iron, and thus they gained an entrance. They had opened up everything, their intention evidently being to carry away the things we have stored out there, but friends living upstairs heard the noise and the thieves were hindered and nothing worth mentioning was taken. You will all realize, however, our need of a fence, with closed gates, for ample protection, and we are deeply grateful to God that this will soon be there—God has answered our cry. It will be so much more blessed to live there this summer. Having done all, we can truly claim His protection.

Last fall God sent us a young Hebrew Christian as a fellow worker, and we were all glad, for he proved to be a great blessing. His humility and his growing prayer life were precious. Two years ago this young man had a call from South Africa, but lack of funds kept him from going. Shortly after Christmas, 1934, all that he needed for going had come in and he felt it was the will of God. Thus, another loss came to us, which constrained us to

much prayer, for our need of a young Hebrew Christian to work with us is very real, because of the dangers which ever surround us, the inquirers who come daily (whom only a man can handle), and our growing meetings. In this land, trained workers are scarce, and Hebrew Christians with training are few, and yet God, seeing our need, heard our prayers and sent us a fine young couple, trained and used of the Lord in Jewish work. As I could not confer with America, I took them from His hand, wholly trusting the Lord for their support. As this young brother has never really proved the Lord in this way, he asked me to trust for him. This I did, promising him a certain sum of money. Pray with me that this may prove a great blessing to him, enabling him to trust the Lord for everything. The Lord's work, done in the Lord's way, cannot fail to have the Lord's supply.

We have much for which to praise God. In trying days, in seeming failures, He has proved Himself faithful and gracious. So, continue to pray with us, and forget not to praise Him for all His benefits.

HIDING GOD'S WORD IN THE HEART

By Philip Manetz

(Poland)

THE Christmas program was a great blessing, and we were conscious of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. The people were very attentive and there was good order throughout the meeting, with no opposition whatsoever from the enemy. We give all glory and praise to Him.

We had no Christmas tree at this time. We decided not to have it, because it has no place in the Word of God but is simply an invention of man. However, if any wish to have it, let them have it. Our people have been kept in darkness over 500 years. They have been led by blind leaders, and the teachings of men have been substituted for the Word of God. Thus, they have carried on pagan practices, such as worship of images, relics, etc. They are utterly ignorant of God's plan of salvation. They know Christ after the flesh, in Bethlehem's manger, but they are strangers to the resurrected Christ (2 Cor. 5: 16). Thus, we deem it best to have our Christmas program without anything to look at, and it seemed to have the approval of the Holy Spirit, for we were conscious of the blessing of God throughout the meeting.

Our children had memorized the Scripture verses concerning the birth of Christ—from the first two chapters of Matthew and the second chapter of Luke. The exercises began with Christmas songs and prayer. One by one, the children recited the Scripture verses, singing the Christmas hymns in between. It was a great blessing to me to watch those children eagerly repeating the words of life (2 Tim. 3: 15). We all received blessing from hearing the Word of God. After the other children had finished their part, we had one of the boys recite the 8th chapter of Romans and the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians. He had memorized the whole of the Epistle, but we lacked time to hear him repeat it all. In conclusion, I brought a gospel message, laying emphasis upon the love of God and the Gift of God (John 3: 16 and I John 4: 9-10). We had prepared little Christmas presents for the children—little colored paper bags containing candy, nuts, cookies, etc.—and I wish you could have seen the children's joy upon receiving these little gifts. The day ended with great blessing and we trust that God was glorified.

We are expecting great things from our God this year. Please continue to pray unitedly for a mighty revival in the church of God in Poland and the world over. We believe God will answer the prayer of faith, in His own time, as we depend upon the faithfulness of His eternal Word.

The principal language of this country is Polish, and my native language is Russian. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary for me to learn the Polish language. I know it in part, but not sufficiently well to enable me to preach the glorious gospel in the Polish tongue. Thus, I am now taking lessons in Polish grammar. Will you especially remember this matter in prayer, that God will help me to master the language, for His glory.

The enemy of our souls, the devil, is greatly opposing and hindering the Lord's work here, but we are more than conquerors through "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Some Incidents In My Work

By K. Jaroszuk (Poland)

ONE Sunday in December, I was invited to the village Krugel, where I preached in the morning to a large congregation and we observed the Lord's Supper. In the evening, from 5 to 9 P. M., we had a meeting for the children of the neighborhood. There were 35 of them present, ranging in age from six to twelve years. They recited verses in Russian and Polish, and between the recitations portions of the Word of God were read. It was very touching to watch the faces of the mothers of the children, as they joyfully listened, with tears of happiness in their eyes. After the meeting, the children came to me, one after another, extending their little hands and thanking me for coming, at the same time urging me to come again. I hope to visit them again, the Lord willing. On my way home, the road was very muddy and my bicycle went off the track, landing me in the middle of a pool of icy water, but the Lord helped me to reach home in safety and to be kept in health.

I had received invitations to give gospel messages in the town of Belsk-Litovsk. The weather was very bad. It had been raining for many days, and after a while the temperature suddenly changed and everything was covered with ice. It was very difficult to travel, either on foot or by bicycle. When the weather became a little warmer, I decided to start, but before I had gone six miles, my bicycle turned over and I fell on the frozen ground. I was hurt so badly that I was not able to rise from the ground for some time. I did not know which to do—return home or proceed with my journey. After prayer and meditation, I decided to go on, in spite of physical suffering. The Lord blessed us in a gospel service which I held along the way, and I finally reached my destination, the town of Belsk, where I was given a hearty welcome.

The next day being the Lord's Day, we had morning service in Belsk, where I gave a message and we then observed the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, we went to a neighboring village to hold a gospel service, as there are a few Christian families living there. When the meeting started, however, the devil's servants came to disturb us. A number of young people entered the meeting hall and started to make every kind of noise. At the same time, a gang of young drunkards threw large stones against the walls of the house and threatened us with big sticks at the windows. In spite of all these interruptions, we proceeded with our service and the Lord protected us. We learned later that these young people had been sent by the priest of the Russian Orthodox Church, being given plenty of liquor and the promise of forgiveness of all their sins.

A week later, we went to another village to give the Word of God. From the time of our entrance into the village, we felt the hostility of many of the people. When we started the meeting, they did everything they could to hinder us. They threw things into the meeting room, and let loose two sparrows, but, with the help of the Lord, everything went well. When they saw that they had not succeeded in creating a commotion, they brought a police official, who ordered us to break up the meeting and leave the village immediately. When we got out on the street, the crowd followed us, throwing stones at us and using insulting language. Suddenly, some one jumped upon me and gave me a tremendous blow on the head with a stone, so that I fell to the ground. The brethren who were with me helped me up and led me away, supporting me under the arms. I was not able to say a word, because of the intense pain in my head. The crowd continued to follow and threaten us. We learned that they, too, had been sent by the priests of the Orthodox Church. The Lord protected us from any further harm and we returned to Belsk.

The pain in my head was very severe, but the next day I was able to start for home. On the way I fell two times, but I reached home at last. After two days, the pain in my head diminished, and in less than a week I was again fit for the Lord's service. I went to the village of Mechini, where, for the first time, a gospel meeting was held. We met in the home of a very poor family. The room was soon packed with people, who listened most attentively to the Word of God. At the conclusion

of the meeting, the crowd lingered for a long time and asked me questions. Everything went well except that one man kept telling the people that the next time he would bring with him an Orthodox priest and he would prove that the real religion is that of the Orthodox church, but nobody paid any attention to his remarks or threats. I pray that the Lord may open the eyes of the people, so that they may understand that salvation is not in the Orthodox church or in any other religion, but only in Jesus Christ, our Lord (Acts 4: 12).

We held a watch night service at Brest-on-the-Bug. Many brethren and visitors from different parts of the city were present. At midnight, we all fell on our knees and thanked God from the depths of our hearts for His blessings and help during the past year, and prayed for His blessing upon the new year just dawning. After this, we announced that all those who wished to do so might stay for another meeting, which we called a Love Feast. About 100 men stayed, and we had a most blessed time.

The following day, I visited the orphanage in Brest. At present there are 14 children there, from four to twelve years, of both sexes. The work is carried on by faith in God. The children were very glad to see me and begged me to stay with them longer. They sang hymns of praise to God, with their pure, sweet, innocent voices. It gave us great joy to listen to their singing, and the tears started to our eyes as we saw how they loved the Lord, at such a tender age. When they learned the time of my departure, they ran and hid behind a door and surprised me by singing a sweet farewell hymn. They told me that they pray every day for the kind people who are helping them.

TRACT MINISTRY

By Nahum Shuman

(Poland)

THIS month God has given me many more opportunities to speak with persons to whom I had previously given tracts. Not long ago, I came in touch with a physician, who became very much interested in the Word of God. I have been at his home four times. His family are now all reading the Word of God and other Christian literature that I left. I recently met the editor of a Russian periodical, who became interested in what I had to say about the Lord. As a result of the conversation, he invited me to his home. He was very much interested in the fact that a Jew had become a Christian. This was something new to him. Please pray for these persons, that the light of God may find its way into their hearts.

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REV. J. B. EPP, Bible Teacher,
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Open Doors In Latvia

By Arthur Bluhm

BY HIS grace, I held in December a number of gospel meetings, and I believe the Lord used them to give light to those in darkness. Many who were in hopeless misery found peace and shelter under the wings of the Almighty, and His great salvation.

For the holidays, the Lord opened doors into the country where I had never been before. My dear wife and family felt sad to hear that I would be far away from home for two weeks at the Christmas season. The whole family gathered around the table on Friday night, December 21st, and in the Lord's name and for His sake, we gave little gifts one to another, thus reminding one another of the great, unspeakable Gift of God, which He gave to us almost 2,000 years ago (Isaiah 9:6; John 3:16).

The following morning, the train took me to the station of Barta, and from there I was taken by horses to Ruicen, where a brother in Christ lived who had been saved about three years ago from a wretched life of drunkenness. Sin crippled his body, but Jesus rescued his soul. The precious Blood washed him whiter than the snow (Isaiah 1:18), and he received the seal of the Holy Spirit (Eph. 1:13). He had been saved in answer to his wife's prayers, and now his little hut is a lighthouse for those who go astray. Praise the Lord! He is a shoemaker by trade, and I witnessed how he testified to people who bring their shoes for repairs.

My first meeting there was on Sunday morning, December 23rd, and believers came to it from their farms eight to twelve kilometers distant. The single room, which could accommodate 25 to 30 people, was crowded. By the Holy Spirit's guidance, we had a lesson from Eph. 1:1-23, and this was the first of twelve good meetings. By united prayer before the throne of grace we were strengthened, knowing that we were no more strangers from the covenants of promise, but made nigh by the Blood of Christ (Eph. 2:12, 13). Above all, His promise encouraged us: "Lo, I am with you alway" (Matt. 28:20).

On December 24th, I was taken by horses a distance of about ten kilometers to the home of Brother Aishis, who was a saloonkeeper in his earlier years but is now a new creation in Christ Jesus, walking miles and miles in his old age (he is now 72 years old), proclaiming the great truth that the Lord Jesus came to save lost sinners (Luke 19:10). He and all his house were converted, and he has given his rooms to the Lord for His service. The Holy Night meeting was announced for 8:00 P. M., but the rooms were packed a whole hour before that and we had to start the meeting. They that love the Lord had formed a choir, and many children recited and sang Christmas carols, all for His honor and glory whose birth on earth we were celebrating. Again there went forth in song and speech the old, blessed gospel story (Luke 2:7-20), full of grace and truth. Oh, how the faces of the little ones beamed with radiance as they came up to the candle-lighted Christmas tree, to tell what they had learned. Boys and girls, each one, carried a little bit of the great truth which the Lord Himself had brought down from heaven above. At about 11:00 o'clock, I closed this happy meeting with an earnest appeal to all those present to accept this precious Saviour while it is the hour of grace, lest He come upon us with quick judgment. The response was great, and I pray for these dear people that they might remain in Him (John 15:4).

On Christmas day, at 11:00 A. M., many of us gathered in that same place for a service of worship. After lunch, we got into a wagon and two strong horses carried us twelve kilometers to a place called Dunika. Here a peasant brother named Varne has not only been transformed in his life, since Jesus came into his heart, but has also transformed his house. He broke down all the inside walls, making little living-rooms for himself and his wife and turning the rest into a large gospel hall. However, man plans, but the Holy Spirit works. The hall has already proved to be too small. We took out all the doors, and the crowd filled up all the other rooms, including the large kitchen. We could not permit any to stay outside because of the severe winter weather. Here again, under the lighted Christmas tree, we celebrated that great event

when the Almighty stretched out His hand and gave His beloved Son to reconcile the world unto Himself (2 Cor. 5:19). It is a grand thing to believe in the Son of God and to worship Him as King of kings, for He alone can give everlasting life (John 6:40, 47).

Next morning, at 11:00 o'clock. we gathered to break bread in remembrance of our Lord's death, and all the believers who had come together from far and wide took part in this blessed service (1 Cor. 11:26). This was a most blessed gathering, with praise and thanksgiving.

After lunch, we rushed to the wagon and the good horses carried us to Barta, some twelve kilometers away, to Brother Zunde, who, too, has changed the inside walls of his home and made a gospel hall for the Lord's glory and for the rescue of lost sinners. Here, too, the lighted Christmas tree invited the people. It was evident that these people were not tired of the old, old story, for long before the time the seats were all occupied and newcomers had to stand along the sides of the room. Then the doors were opened and the other rooms were soon crowded, too. By His grace and in the power of the Holy Spirit, I started with singing some of the old Christmas hymns. After Brother Aishis had led in prayer, I read from the Scriptures of God's "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke 2:9-14), and the people listened as attentively as though they were hearing it for the first time.

After every one of these meetings, I gave glory and thanks to God for His marvelous doings. I had never before experienced the power of God to work in such a marvelous way as He did during this series of meetings.

The next morning, we had to make haste, for our meeting place was 16 kilometers away, right on the Lithuanian border. The meetings there are held in the home of Mrs. Spritshis and her six grown-up sons. They are glad to call in the messengers of the Lord, just as their father, who has gone to be with the Lord, told them to do. Both morning and evening meetings were full of glory for the Lord, and peace and salvation for men. Human words cannot describe it (Psa. 118:23).

I cannot refrain from mentioning the last two meetings, one on New Year's Eve and the other on New Year's morning. In Dunika, there is a man who has been recently saved, who built a new house for his family. This man, Mr. Murkshis, had a great desire to consecrate his house to the Lord. For this purpose, he called for me and also invited all his neighbors and friends. And they came, praise the Lord! He could not say, "There is yet room," for there was not one empty corner. After I had preached, the praise and testimony meeting continued until three o'clock in the morning. We crossed the threshold of the New Year on our knees, with thanks and praises unto Him from whom all blessings flow. After a short but sound sleep, we met again at 11:00 A. M. By the grace of God, we had entered the New Year, and we sang some hymns of praise and bowed to worship the God of love, who has become our Redeemer.

Dear friends, my earnest request is that you will pray for my native land, and especially for these dear people, to whom I was privileged to carry the gospel for the first time.

HOW THE MONEY COMES

We quote the following from a letter from one of the faithful friends of our work:

"Inclosed please find $3.00 for the Jewish work in Warsaw. I must tell a little as to how this money came. I visited a home last week and little Lona brought me her pocket-book, her father meanwhile explaining that she had some pennies for the mission. She emptied the whole thing into my hand. It was 65 cents.

"Then, at Sunday School, where we devote the offering of each first Sunday in the month to our Warsaw fund, I told the school about Lona's 65 cents and suggested that we could surely at least make it $1.00. The amount grew to $1.07.

"At the evening service in the mission, I told about Lona and the $1.07, and they added enough to make it $1.72. At the close of the meeting, a young girl gave me 28 cents, thus making it $2.00.

"My wife was sick in bed, but when I came home and told her the whole story, she said, 'There's a dollar in the drawer that we can spare.' So, here are the $3.00 and the story."

Prayer is the power by which that comes to pass which would not otherwise take place.

—A. *Murray.*

Come Over Into Jugoslavia and Help Us

By Margaret M. Griffith

"TO KNOW King Alexander was to love him," says the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society of Southeast Europe. "Here in Jugoslavia there has been a total obliteration of social and class distinctions in one common grief, in one deep and elemental sorrow. Old warriors with many medals upon their breasts and scars upon their faces, wept with the queen when she received the body of the king at the Belgrade railway station, after his long, last journey all the way from Marseilles." Continuing this quotation from the *World Dominion*—"The conduct of the people has truly been impressive. There have been no outbursts of hatred and no attacks on any foreign consulates, nor even any demonstrations. The very grimness and unexpectedness of the tragedy seem to have brought the rank and file of the nation right into the presence of God." The window of this society was the only one in Belgrade, with her population of 250,000 inhabitants, where hundreds draped the portrait of the king in black, to surround it with appropriate Scripture verses in gold and dark green. A brilliant general, an intimate personal friend of King Alexander, so occupied in business that he was unable to take any rest at night for ten days, took the trouble to journey to see this window and express his deep satisfaction with the special character of this tribute to the king.

What an outpouring of grief there was in the whole country! For hundreds of miles, weeping peasants thronged the railway line, preventing the progress of the train that brought the body of the king from Dalmatia, port to Belgrade.

This awful tragedy is but one symptomatic outbreak of the great forces of evil which surround us. The happenings of recent months, the murder of M. and Mme. Venizelos, the assassination of Dolfuss, and the recent murder of the Yugoslav sovereign and M. Barthou, constitute a call to every honest man, and especially to the whole church of Jesus Christ, to awaken and advance on her knees against these satanic forces.

Is not this event a clear call to the Christians of America to evangelize that land of sorrow and darkness, with her 17,000,000 waiting to hear, for the first time, in most cases, the wonderful gospel of salvation?

Among the difficulties which must be faced by Christian missions and Protestant churches in Yugoslavia is the fact that, when the borderlines changed, a large section of southern Austria—almost half of that country, as well as the whole southern portion of Hungary—was suddenly thrown down into Yugoslavia. These people found themselves face to face with cultural and racial differences, controlled by new laws, and all this in a country only slightly acquainted with evangelical Christianity. This element was largely composed of Germans, Hungarians, and Slovenes.

These groups belong largely to three churches: the Evangelical Lutheran church of the Augsburg Confession, with a membership of 118,935, the Slovakian Evangelical church, with 66,700 members, and a third, the Reformed church, with 60,000 members. The first named church is confronted with the task of grouping into a national organization, religious bodies, fragments from Austria, Hungary, Bosnia, and Serbia. The last named, the Reformed church, is composed of Magyar, German, Croatian, and Czech. This church suffers from a serious lack of pastors and educators, the state having seized, without compensation, 38 of the Reformed schools and removed the teachers from their posts.

As an organization, unity is impossible among the many nationalities, with varying man-ordained creeds and ceremonies. The only hope for Yugoslavia is the gospel of Jesus Christ, preached by men inflamed with a passion for souls, regenerated, sanctified, called of God, sent of God, and endued with power from on high for service. Racial distinctions, political and economic barriers, and differing ecclesiastical bodies are surmounted only by living churches, whose head and life is the Lord Jesus Christ. Only by the power of the Holy Ghost can these obstacles be swept aside. The prayer of the Lord Jesus for unity can be, and is, answered only where He is honored and served. Many groups in Europe are living testimonies to the power of Christ to make one, Jew and Gentile, of what-

soever race, creed or government—"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John 17:21).

The Methodists and Baptists have established several centers since the war, but face difficulties in the fact that the government has not granted them the same recognition as the Lutheran and Reformed churches have received.

Yugoslavia has played a large part in the history of Eastern Europe as the meeting place of Latin, Slav, German, Greek, and Mongol, as well as of Catholicism, Greek Orthodoxy, Islam, and Protestantism. What a field for evangelization these unreached millions present!

A young man who went to England from a market town in Vojvodina, was greatly impressed with the group at the table of his English host. He speaks of it thus: "At the head of the table sat my hostess; next, her daughter; next, myself, from Yugoslavia; next, two Indians; next, a Chinese student; next again, an Estonian. At the foot of the table sat my host; next to him, two young men from Mexico; next, a Japanese; next, another from Yugoslavia; and, last of all, two Germans. Almost all the nations were represented there, and they were one. When I go back to my country, I shall work for unity in the church in Yugoslavia." God grant that the young people will strive and work for unity, with energy and patience combined! To do this, they need leaders who will instruct and train them in the Word of God. Will we not cry to God to thrust forth Christian men into Yugoslavia?

This is the solution. We believe assuredly that cold, formal groups have failed and will fail. The only real method of accomplishing this challenging task, as we face the Great Commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"—is by Paul's plan of planting indigenous churches. This idea of home mission work in that country has recently begun and is gaining ground. God's heart of love is yearning over this great land.

A young woman of just twenty-five is waiting for marching orders. Some Christians there helped her to gain a vision of Jesus Christ and the need in Yugoslavia. Her heart always draws her to the poorest and most miserable—this beggar at the corner, that little apprentice with the poisoned foot, or the gypsy child with the frightened eyes. She longed to visit the prison, which she was able to do, taking with her Testaments in Serbian, Hungarian, German, and Roumanian, and giving them to those who would read them. About seventy men listened to her, and a half dozen women. As she looked at those joyless, battered people, she felt that they were wanderers who were weary of their journey because they had missed the path she had found. She spoke to them from a warm, earnest heart, and they realized this as she made plain to them how Christ had lived and died for them.

Some months later, as she was passing the big gates, they unclosed and an old man came out. Recognizing him as one of the prisoners, she held out her hand. "Is it you?" he said. "I am set free from this prison today, but soon after your visit to us three months ago a greater freedom was given to me. I was a murderer. I had killed two men in a brawl, and I thought there could never be forgiveness or peace for me again. But you came and spoke of our Father in heaven. I read the Testament, the story of Christ crucified, and now I trust in Him and God has forgiven me. I am going back to my children, on the Roumanian frontier, to tell them I am forgiven and to teach them of the same great love." She went with him a little way and then they said good-bye and parted.

NOTE. In this article I am indebted for material to the *World Dominion Press* and the latest book on Europe, which goes into detailed conditions over there—"Europe, Its Crisis and Outlook."

POWER FOR DAYS TO COME

The Lord knew what the years would mean for His disciples, of sacrifice, of toil; how many of them would only see His face again as they passed through the gate of martyrdom. So He said to them: "Ye shall receive the power you will need—the power for patient endurance, the power for victorious contest with unequal forces, the power for adequate self-control, the power to be unrelentingly true to the vows you have made to Me in secret.

"Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you—not as an influence to stir your emotions into an ecstasy and to die down as circumstances change, but an abiding Holy Spirit."

—*Selected.*

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WE ARE glad to say a commendatory word regarding "Word Studies in the Old Testament," by B. A. M. Schapiro. With his background and knowledge of Jewish life, customs, and writings, Mr. Schapiro gives this introductory volume, which will greatly aid the student of the Word of God. The book may be ordered from Mr. Schapiro, 678 Bible House, New York City, at 50 Cents postpaid.

AN INSIDE view into conditions in Russia is given in the book, "Among the Red Autocrats," by Dr. G. Solomon, a former pupil of Karl Marx and a co-worker of Lenin. Recently translated into English, the book gives the reaction of a former leader now disillusioned. Order from Fellowship Office—$1.00 postpaid.

Miss Adelaide Addison Pollard, an ardent lover of Israel, is now with the Lord, whom she so faithfully loved and served. It is fitting to publish one of her poems descriptive of Israel's present blindness and future gladness.

SOME DAY

O Israel, whose eyes, unlighted, cold,
Ambitious, restless, obstinate and bold,
Seek ever for the treasures that decay,
And grow more fierce as fiercer grows the fray,
Some day, those tear-wet eyes shall melt and shine
With Christ-like love, compassionate, divine.

O Israel, whose lips, unchecked by shame,
Repeat, in blasphemy, Messiah's Name—
His Name who died thy scoffing soul to win!—
Whose earth-born speech is soiled by self and sin,
Some day, in gentle tones that thrill and bless,
Thou shalt exalt a Saviour's righteousness.

O Israel, whose heart is locked and barred
Against the knock of Him whose hand is scarred
With gaping wounds, endured on Calvary
For thee, ungrateful Israel, for thee,
Some day, that broken heart, with wide-flung door,
Shall yield its throne to Him forevermore.

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